

Two pleasant Ditties, one of the Birth, the other of the
 Passion of Christ. To the tune of Dulcina.
 Of Nativity.



66



IVry came to Ieru-salem,
 (all the world was tared then)
 Bless'd Mary brought to Bethlem,
 more then all the world agen:
 A gift so blest,
 So good, the best
 that ere was seene, was heard or done,
 A King, a Christ,
 Prophet, and Priest:
 a Jesus, God, a Man, a Sonne.
 Happie night, a day was neuer,
 halfe so happie sweet and faire:
 Singing Soldiers (blessed ever)
 fill the skie with sweetest ayre.
 Amaz'd men feare,
 They see, they heare.
 yet doubt and aske how this was done:
 It was bid, be bold,
 It was fore told,
 this night hath God himselke a Son,
 There appeares a golden Wither,
 Kings attending in their traine:
 The bright Sun could not out blush her,
 such a Star per'e shone againe,
 See now it staies,
 Seeming it sayes,
 Goe in and see, what there is done,
 A Child whose birth,
 Leagues heauen and earth,
 Jesus to vs, to God a Sonne,

Subtill Herod sought to find him,
 with a purpose blacke as hell:
 But a greater power confin'd him,
 and his purpose did repell:
 Who should betray,
 Doe al obey,
 as fitting was it should be done:
 They al adore,
 And kneele before,
 this God and Man, to God a Sonne,
 'Twas vpon a Comets blazing,
 Cuma to Augustus said,
 This fore-shewes an art amazing:
 for a Mother still a maid,
 A Babe shall beare,
 That al must feare,
 and suddenly it must be done:
 Nay Caesar thou,
 To him must bow,
 hee's God, a Man, to God a Sonne,
 Is not this a blessed wonder,
 God is Man, and Man is God:
 Foolish Jewes mislooke the thunder,
 should proclaime this King abroad,
 Angels they sing,
 Behold the King,
 in Bethlem where this was done:
 Then we as they,
 Reioyce and say,
 We haue a Saviour, God a Sonne.

45. 6. 28. 34.



Turne your eyes that are affixed
on this worlds deceiving things :
And with ioyes and sorowes mixed,
looke vpon the King of Kings,
Who let his throwne :
With ioyes unknowne :
tooke flesh like ours, like vs drew breath
For vs to die,
Peere fire our eye,
and thinke vpon his precious death.

See him in the garden praying,
while his sad Disciples slept :
See him in the Garden sweating
drops of blood and how he wept:
As man he was,
He wept (alas)
and trembling feare to loose his breath,
Per to heauens will,
He peelded still :
then thinke vpon his precious death.

See him by the Souldiers taken,
when with Aue and a kisse :
He that Heauen had quite forsaken,
had betrayd him and with this,
Behold him (bound
And garded round)
to Caiphas borne to loose his breath,
There see the Jewes
Heauens King abuse :
I thinke vpon his precious death.

See him in the hands of Pilat,
like a base offender stript :
See the moane, and teares they smile at,
while they see our Saviour whipt.
Behold him bleed,
His purple weede
record, while you haue life and breath,
His taunts and scornes,
His Crowne of thornes,
or thinke vpon his precious death.

See him in the howre of parting,
hanging on his bloody Crosse :
See his wounds, conceine his smarting,
and our gaine, by his liues losse.
On either side
A Fellow died,
the one derides him leauing breath :
The other prays,
And humbly saies :
O saue me by thy precious death.

See as in these pangs he thirsted,
and that heat to coole bid call,
How these Jewes (like Indas cursed)
bring him vinegar and gall,
His spirit then,
To Heauen agen,
commending with his latest breath,
The world he leaues,
That man deceaues :
I thinke vpon his precious death.